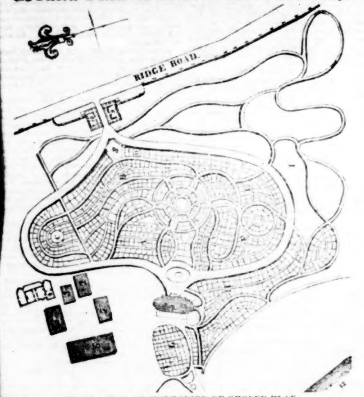
Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVII. *Philadelphia, October 14, 1837.* *Whole No. 846.*

Entrance of Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Ground Plan of Laurel Hill Cemetery.



REFERENCE TO ENGRAVING OF GROUND PLAN.

1. *Mansion,* 2. *Chapel,* 3. *Receiving Tomb,* 4. *Superindant's Cottage,* 5. *Coach House,* 6. *Stabling,* 7. *Green House,* 8. *Statues of Old Mortality, his Pony, and Sir Walter Scott, by Thom.* 9. *Porter's Lodge,* 10. *Gardener's Lodge,* 11. *Shrubbery,* 12. *River Schuylkill.*

PHILADELPHIA has been more backward than her sister cities of America, not to speak of the capitals of Europe, in the matter of providing for the burial of the dead beyond her thickly settled parts; this, which every argument of health, feeling, and propriety dictates should be attended to, it was supposed would ere now have been canvassed by the city councils, and it was hoped they would have purchased Lemon Hill, the beautiful seat of Henry Pratt, Esq. on the Schuylkill; but seeing there was no likelihood of this or any other spot being chosen, a number of public spirited citizens set themselves seriously to work about eighteen months since, and after mature deliberation, and an examination of all the scites in the vicinity of Philadelphia, they purchased the splendid country seat, known as Laurel Hill, situated between the Ridge Turnpike road, and the River Schuylkill, over which it beetles, the most level part being one hundred feet above high water mark. They have been ever since the purchase actively employed in enclosing this romantic and appropriate spot, laying it out in walks, planting shrubbery, and erecting the chaste Roman Doric entrance, a picture of which, embracing the centre, but omitting the colonnaded wings, graces our columns. No expense has been spared in placing everything on this ground, which beauty required, or convenience suggested; it is already the pride of our city, and is visited by all strangers. We shall attempt a brief description.

In the formation of a Cemetery, several important considerations should have weight; and first of the soil. Philadelphia and much of its vicinity is on a clay soil which holds the water, and all graves dug in this stratum unless they penetrate to gravel, which they rarely can do, retain moisture and the coffins become soaked, a topic on which it is painful to dwell. The nearest ground free from this objection, is probably that commencing at the top of the Robin Hood hill, three miles from the city on the Ridge Turnpike, all the intervening space being better calculated for making bricks than for grave yards; half a mile beyond this hill, commences the high land known as Laurel Hill, and here the soil is ...

... she possesses the only stone resemblance of this great author and good man. The likeness is perfect. The effect on the beholder is decidedly solemn, and being an emblem of the company's design to keep up the Cemetery in perpetual repair, we consider it extremely appropriate, and highly ornamental.

Before visiting such a place, the mind always feels an instinctive dread, not of dying or of death, but of the dreariness of the grave, of that utter oblivion that there awaits the inglorious dead. But surrounded as you are here by the living and the dead, mingling as it were with beings of both worlds, with all of living beauty and all the beauties of nature around, we feel as if death was robbed of half its terrors: we wish that we may be laid where the birds will chaunt their evening hymn above our graves, and where the spirit, should it be permitted to watch over its former frail tenement, may be greeted with the joyous smile of the lovely and beautiful as they pluck a wild flower from our graves, and know that some friend who lingers after us, is pausing a moment at our tomb, as memory turns to the scenes of the past, or stops as he passes by to indicate that there lies one he knew and valued in life.

Were we disposed to indulge in sentiment, there is no topic so fraught with interest; all nations have at one period of their history, consecrated a hallowed spot to the dead: we trace them even in America in the cairns and mounds of a forgotten race, reared by the uninstructed affection of savage tribes, and everywhere the spots seem to have been selected with the same tender regard to the living and the dead, that the magnificence of nature might administer comfort to human sorrow, and excite human sympathy. But our limits forbid our even entering upon a topic which suggests itself to every well informed mind.

We have prepared at considerable expense a reduced copy of the ground plan, or mode of laying out the walks, roads and avenues:—

It is important for those in other places who contemplate laying out cemeteries, to remark ...

[illegible]

Capt. Smith and his Black Boys.

A TALE OF 176—.

Captain Smith, a distinguished backwoodsman, who had been in long captivity among the Indians, and conspicuous in the border wars, collected a number of his friends called 'Black Boys,' from being painted as Indians,' &c.—*History of Indian Wars.*

It was shortly after a treaty of peace between the colonies and their French neighbors, that the King of Great Britain issued a proclamation, prohibiting all persons from trading with the Indians, for the purpose of preventing them from obtaining guns and ammunition. Nothwithstanding, however, many individuals had the hardihood to carry on an extensive trade with them for these very articles. The law not taking hold of the offenders. the inhabitants determined to put it down, vi et armis; and a band was soon collected under the command of a man who had served and suffered in the cruel warfare that had just ended. His whole force, when mustered, numbered over 300 men; but he seldom took with him more than one-fourth and rarely so many.

As the full moon arose from behind the eastern hills and cast its pale and sickly light upon the earth, a cluster of some eighty men might be seen standing in the shadow of the majestic forest, which covered the Sideling Hill. Not a sound broke the monotonous silence of the wilderness, not even the bark of the wolf or the screech of an owl fell upon the attentive ears of the listening group. Occasionally, a figure might be seen, slowly rising from the ground, at some little distance from the rest, and another immediately take its place; but even this was executed in so cautious and silent a manner that it required good optics to discover it. This continued about an hour, when a visible stir was observed among them, and in a few minutes they issued from beneath the dark foliage, displaying a band armed with the deadly rifle, tomahawk and scalping knife, dressed in hunting shirts of a deep green hue, without any ornament whatever. In place of hats or caps the head was protected by a bear-skin scalp, ingeniously made so as to fit it exactly. Their faces were painted brown, tattooed with red, as were their hands and such parts as were unavoidably exposed. Their leader was a man of gigantic stature, and could only be distinguished from the rest by the eagle feather, fastened into his bear skin scalp. As they passed one by one across the road, each cast an anxious glance along it, as if they expected an approach, or perhaps, a surprise. When the last had reached the opposite cover they began quickly to descend until they arrived at a spot that commanded a full view of the road for several hundred yards, when they halted, and were addressed by their leader as follows—

[illegible]

He pulled the string that was hanging on the outside, and raising the latch, he threw the door open so as to permit him to see the interior, ere he ventured over the threshold. This was hardly accomplished before a stout robust man made his appearance, and upon recognising, after an instant's delay, the person of the intruder, he exclaimed,

'Walk in, Capt. Smith, walk in, sir. I am very glad you happened to come on my diggins at this very identical moment, as the 'oman and gals are stirring about getting something for breakfast; and it would just be as well to let her know you've stept in to join us, so I will'—

'Don't put yourself to that trouble, Crackshot. I'll step into the next room to see her and the daughters myself.'

This was said in a suspicious but ironical manner, and the look that accompanied it caused his companion to start, as with the intention of moving back, but recovering himself, he observed—

'There is the way, captain, my house, and all that is in it is at your service.' So saying he advanced towards the door, seemingly with a design to open it, but his officiousness was checked by the low determined voice of his leader.

'Stand you back, sir, I do that office for myself,' and stepping quickly forward, he disappeared through the door-way. In a short time, however, he returned, and taking a seat motioned his companion to do the same. Then drawing out the paper which Rattle had given him, he enquired—

'Where did you receive this information?'

'From them are as should have known better how to keep their own council.'

'And when?'

'Yesterday.'

'At what time?'

'A little after sundown.'

'How came you in their company?'

'I was after returning from a hunt when I met 'em.'

'What caused their delay?'

'Why? Is'nt it mentioned in that paper.'

'Yes. That they broke an axletree—was there no other reason?'

'None that I knows of.'

'Are you sure.'

'I aint sure of nothing.'

'There is one thing, sir, you are sure of—death if you deceive me.'

The tone in which this word was pronounced, made his listener half spring from the bench on which he sat, and in a manner which plainly showed with what awe he regarded his guest, he said—

'I call God to witness that'—

'It is well,' interrupted the captain. I believe you honest—let me not be mistaken.' Then laying aside the austerity that had marked the examination, he continued—

[illegible]

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SPEAK NO ILL OF POETRY.

"Oh, speak no ill of poetry
For 'tis a holy thing."
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Matin awake. Bright in the east
The radiant morning glowed,
And morning breezes drank the dew
That from the rose-leaf flowed.
I heard a maid, her angel voice
Upon the Zephyrs fling,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry
For 'tis a holy thing."

'Twas noon. The sun with hostile ray
Beat down upon the earth,
While I retired deep in yon grove,
'Mid Nature's cheering mirth;
And there, me-thought, in Nature's voice
I heard each warbler sing,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry
For 'tis a holy thing."

At eve the lovely moon arose
To kiss each weeping flower,
And Nature's music there was hushed
In reverence of the hour;—
A lute beside the silvery lake
Breathed sweetly from each string,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry
For 'tis a holy thing."

'Twas midnight deep. The busy world
In Morpheus was chained,
Nature reposed upon her couch,
And black oblivion reigned;
Yet still I heard the passing sigh
Borne on some seraph's wing,
"Oh, speak no ill of poetry
For 'tis a holy thing." M. F.

The Hour of Fortune.

'We have still a home, my Emily, though it is a poor one,' said Ernest Daly to his beautiful young wife, the first day they took possession of their lodgings in a humble alley in London. 'I little thought when we used to wander in the old woods at Balston, that I should take you to such a miserable abode as this.'

'I am happier here, dear Earnest, than in the woods of Balston.'

'Now, by heavens, it makes me angry to see you happy! I believe you would continue to smile and be contented if we were in jail.'

'If we were in jail together, Ernest.'

'Ah! bless you, my own dearest. Fortune cannot continue to frown upon so much goodness.'

[illegible]

... How would you like the funeral conducted? Quite private, of course. Honor me by accepting the loan of this two thousand pounds, for your immediate expenses. I wish you long life, Sir Ernest, and joy of your title, Sir Ernest. Sir Edward shall be carefully buried this day week.

Passages from the Diary of a Traveller.

CHILLON!

BY J. A. JEWETT—MAY 1836.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar."

Leaving Geneva in the steamer, at 8 o'clock in the morning, I arrived at Vevay at 4 o'clock on the same day. I can say nothing of the most deeply blue waters through which I passed, and the fine scenery of either shore. Transferring them to paper will not make more vivid their impression on my memory.

While taking a lunch at 'The Three Crowns,' in Vevay, I desired the landlord to send me a *batelier*, as I wished to arrange for a visit, by water, to the Chateau of Chillon. In a few minutes a woman, under an immense straw hat, ornamented with a single blue ribbon, and whose broad rim, at every step, flapped—gracefully if you please—upon her shoulders, entered my apartment.

'Ah, is this the oars-woman?' inquired I.

She courtesied.

'Eh bien,' I continued, 'I wish to see Chillon—I am alone, you see—I wish to move quick, and perhaps shall tarry there long.—What's the price?'

'My boat,' replied she, 'is very handsome *tres jolie.* You shall have two good bateliers. Eight francs, Monsieur. I have taken many English to Chillon.'

'Eight francs,' exclaimed I, 'too much, altogether too much.'

'Ah, Monsieur, it is two hours away from here, and my boat is very good.'

'I'll give you two,' said I.

She shook her head—

'Eh bien, landlord, call me another batelier.'

'Six francs,' said the Swiss Dame.

'Be quick landlord,' said I.

'*Four* francs, Monsieur,' said the lady.

'And who are to be my bateliers?' asked I.

'Myself and my daughter,' she replied.

'Ah, ah, your daughter. Is she young, and does she sing?'

'Oui, Monsieur.'

I closed the bargain. In two hours I was under the walls of Chillon. I saw upon them largely written, the words,—'Liberte et Patrie.' They belong to the ensigns of the Republic of Vaud. Tyranny, said I, has here ceased, and over one of its strong holds at least, its foe is now triumphant. While surveying the Chateau from divers points, I read out of a pamphlet before me, some passages touching its history.

It was built by order of a Duke of Savoy, in 1238, as a prison of State. For that purpose it served until 1536, when it was besieged and subdued by Charles V., assisted by troops from Geneva and Berne. Descending into its vaults, the conquerors there found, among other prisoners, three citizens of Geneva, who once had been among its magistrates; and Francois Bonnivard, an illustrious name in the annals of that Republic. It is his character and career, which have surrounded these ...

[illegible]

—Sunday Reading.—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Paraphrased in an acrostic,
BY THOMAS STURTEVANT, JR.
A Soldier in the 25th Regiment of United States Infantry, and prisoner of war in the province of Upper Canada.

Our Lord and King, who reign'st enthroned on high,
Father of light, mysterious Deity!
Who art the great I AM, the last, the first,
Art righteous, holy, merciful, and just:
In realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
Heaven is the dwelling place of God our King,
Hallowed thy name, which doth all names transcend;
Be thou adored, our great Almighty Friend,
Thy glory shines beyond creation's space,
Named in the book of justice and of grace:
Thy kingdom towers beyond the starry skies;
Kingdom Satanic falls, but thine shall rise.
Come let thine empire, O thou Holy One,
Thy great and everlasting will be done!
Will God make known his will, his power display?
Be it the work of mortals to obey.
Done is the great, the wondrous work of love.
On Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above:
Earth bears the record in thy holy word.
As heaven adorns thy love, let earth, O Lord:
It shines transcendent in th' eternal skies,
Is praised in heaven,—for man, the Saviour dies.
In songs immortal angels laud his name,
Heaven shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.
Give us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
Us of that food on which our souls may live!
This be our boon to-day, and days to come,
Day without end in our eternal home:
Our needy souls supply from day to day,
Daily assist and aid us when we pray.
Bread though we ask, yet Lord, thy blessing lend,
And make us grateful when thy gifts descend.
Forgive our sins, which in destruction place
Us the vile rebels of a rebel race;—
Our follies, faults, and trespasses forgive,
Debts which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive.
As we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
We beg thou'dst blot ours from thy memory's book,
Forgive our enemies, extend thy grace
Our souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.
Debtors to thee in gratitude and love,
And in that duty paid by saints above,
Lead us from sin, and in thy mercy raise
Us from the tempter and his hellish ways.
Not in our own, but in His name who bled,
Into thine ear we pour our every need.
Temptation's fatal charms help us to shun,
But may we conquer through thy conquering Son!
Deliver us from all which can annoy
Us in this world, and may our souls destroy.
From all calamities which men betide,
Evil and death, O turn our feet aside.
For we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
Thine 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
Is not thy mercy, Lord, for ever free?
The whole creation knows no God but thee,
Kingdom and empire in thy presence fail;
The King eternal reigns the King of all.
Power is with thee;—to thee be glory given,
And be thy name adored by earth and heaven;
The praise of saints and angels is thy own;
Glory to thee, the everlasting one.
For ever be thy triune name adored:—
Amen! Hosanna, blessed be the Lord!

Prison at Little York, June 26, 1813.

The Best Boon.

Of all the boons which God has bestowed on our apostate and orphan race, we are bound to say that the BIBLE is the noblest and most precious. We bring not into comparison with this illustrious donation the glorious sun-light, nor the rich sustenance which is poured forth from the storehouse of the earth, nor that existence itself which allows us, though dust, to soar into companionship with angels. The Bible is the development of man's immortality, the guide which informs him how he may move off triumphantly from a contracted and temporary scene, and grasp destinies of unbounded splendor—eternity his lifetime, and infinity his home. It is the record which tells us that this rebellious section of God's unlimited empire is not excluded from our Maker's compassions; but that the creatures who move upon its surface, though they have basely sepulchred in sinfulness and corruption the magnificence of their nature, are yet so dear in their ruin to Him who first formed them, that he bowed down the heavens in order to open their graves. O! you have only to think what a change would pass on the aspect of our race, if the Bible were suddenly withdrawn, and all remembrance of it swept away, and you arrive at some faint notion of the worth of the volume. ...

[illegible]

... take the tide from our waters, and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens, and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys, and leave them in barrenness: it were to make the present all recklessness, and the future all hopelessness—the maniac's revelry, and the fiends' delight, if you could annihilate that precious volume which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs in duty, and woos to glory. Such is the Bible.

Prize it ye youth, and study it more and more. Prize it ye aged, for it guides to the New Jerusalem. Prize it every one of you, as ye are intelligent and immortal beings—for "it giveth understanding to the simple."

How many are ignorant of the ways of God, and strangers to his grace! May this thought stimulate to activity and diligence in the cause of immortal souls! They are precious in God's sight—they ought to be so in ours.

—The Ladies' Friend.—

The right kind of a Girl.

There are very few fashionable girls of the present day, that are worth making wives of, particularly wives for poor men. We sometimes meet one who has independence enough to "stoop to conquer," or rather, rise above the world by becoming acquainted with the real duties of a woman. To make a good wife, a girl should be so educated, that if circumstances require it, she may assist, as well as console her husband under misfortune. Of such an one the Haverhill [Mass.] Gazette give the following anecdote, which we hope will meet due consideration, even from those who are too proud to exhibit as much independence. A young lady of high accomplishments, (and no pride,) in absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing of the bell, which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau, glancing at the harp and piano, which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, 'I *thought*, I heard music—on which instrument were you performing, Miss?' 'On the *gridiron*, sir, with the accompaniment of the *frying-pan*!' replied she. 'My mother is without help, and she says that I must learn to finger those instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced a course of lessons.'

APPAREL.—Modesty in dress ought ever to be regarded: there is a medium, an observable difference between an affected singularity and fashionable conformity. It is also true, that different situations in life authorize a different style of apparel; but in every rank the Christian rule is—Let your moderation be known unto all men.—The best general direction as to dress is, probably this, dress so as not to be observed whether you are fond of dress or not. This concise and excellent rule will preserve modesty and propriety in dress, and will prevent that vanity and ridiculous attention to ornament and fashion, which the love of dress and the pride of the human heart occasion.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—"In the conversation of ladies," says Flecnoe, a writer of Charles the Second's time, "as in an academy of virtue, I did learn nothing but goodness, saw nothing but nobleness, and one might as well be drunk in a cristal fountain, as to have any evil thoughts whilst in their company, which I shall always remember as the happiest and innocentest part of my life."

Jathenie Ayresome vs. Simon Myers.

This was an action on a replevin.

The plaintiff is a native of Central America, and has been for some time residing at the Globe Hotel, in this city. In consequence of some pecuniary disappointment, the plaintiff, last April, found himself constrained to borrow a small sum of money, and gave a valuable gold watch and chain, to a man named Ricardi, the superintendent of the hotel, to borrow money on them: telling him at the time most particularly, that he (the plaintiff) would not for any consideration sell them. Ricardi took the watch and chain to the defendant, who had formerly been a licensed pawnbroker, and left them with him for 8 or 3 days, that he might ascertain their value. At the end of that time Myers lent Ricardi $175 on the watch and chain, for two months, at an interest of three per cent per month. When Myers was lending the money, he asked Ricardi to give him a bill of sale of the articles, lest he might by any chance be prosecuted for lending money on pledges without having a pawnbroker's license; and Ricardi accordingly gave him a bill of sale. Ricardi in return signed a paper for some written document to show the nature of the transaction, but Myers deceased going it, and so the matter rested.

In about three weeks after this transaction the plaintiff again wanted to borrow money, and gave Ricardi some pearls, which he also brought to Myers, and left in pledge for $150, 60 of which Myers then paid him, and the remaining $90 in a few days; this loan was obtained for one month, and ten per cent interest was to be paid on it.

A few days before the time for paying the loan, Ricardi, at the instance of the plaintiff, sent for Myers and spoke to him relative to redeeming the articles. This was on a Saturday, and Myers said he would call again on Monday, when he did, and Ricardi tendered him $345 and 50 cents, in payment of the loan and interest: but Myers told him his offer was too late, for the articles had been sent to Europe. The matter was then put in the hands of N. B. Blunt, Esq., the plaintiff's counsel, who again tendered the money to Myers and he again refused it.

The only defence set up was that Ricardi's evidence was inadmissible, as he had acted in the capacity of a principal and not as agent, by giving a bill of sale of the articles in his own name.

The Court charged the jury, that they were to say whether the transaction was a sale of the articles or only a loan, and whether the conditions of it were performed, and find a verdict accordingly. If they found for the plaintiff he might not only give him the value of the articles, but also damages for their detention.

Verdict for the plaintiff, $2875.

Although the plaintiff obtained a writ of replevin, he never recovered possession of the articles from Myers.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Three children burnt to death.—We learn from the "Centre Reveiller," that three children of Mr. Henry Grove, in Sugar Valley, Centre county, were burnt to death a few weeks ago, whilst the parents were attending a Camp Meeting, in Penn's Valley.—One of them, in attempting to escape through an opening in the partly finished house, was burnt to death between the logs, part of its body falling down on either side of the wall.—*Weekly Messenger.*

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
By WM. A. REED, 23 South 3d Street.

OCTOBER 12, 1837.

Description.	Number Shs.	Par Value.	Cost.	Remarks.
Loans.				
Pittsburgh 6	1837	100	103	
phia 6	1845	100	105	1st July
borough 6	1847	100		1 Philadelphia.
Do. 5 per cent	1830	100	102	
Do. 5 per cent	1834	100	102	
Do. 5 per cent	1850	100	102	
cent	1833	100	99	100
	1835	100	98½	102
	1840			1001
	1841	100		102½
	1842	100	104½	105
	1850	100	105	105½
	1851	100	106	107
Pennsyl-	1852	100	100	
vania 5	1856	100	106	
	1856	100	100	
	1857	100	100	107
	1858	100	104½	105
	1859	100	105	105½
Ohio 6 per cents.	1850	100	106	110
New Orleans 6	1850	100	106	110
Bank Stocks.				
United States	360	118	118½	July
North America	400	414	418	July
Pennsylvania	400	100		July
Philadelphia	100	142	103	May
Commercial	50	98½	99	May
Farmers and Mechanics	50	98½	99	May
Mechanics'	50	98½	99	May
Southwark	50	98½	99	May
Kensington	50	98½	99	May
Penn Township	50	98½	99	May
Girard	50	98½	99	May
Western	50	94		May
Manufac. & Mechanics'	50	94	55	May
Mechanics' Bank	50	94	55	May
Bank of Germantown	50	94	55	May
Northern Liberties	50	94	55	May
Kensington	50	94	28	May
Mechanics' Pottsville	50	94	28	May
Commercial Bank of	100	99	99	May
Delaware	50	98½	99	May
Farmers' & Drovers'	50	98½	99	May
Chester County	50	98½	99	May
Lancaster	50	98½	99	May
Harrisburg	50	98½	99	May
Carlisle	50	98½	99	May
Gettysburg	50	98½	99	May
Southwark	50	98½	99	May
Kensington	50	98½	99	May
Penn Township	50	98½	99	May
Girard	50	98½	99	May
Western	50	94		May
Manufac. & Mechanics'	50	94	55	May
Mechanics' Bank	50	94	55	May
Bank of Germantown	50	94	55	May
Northern Liberties	50	94	55

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, October 14, 1837.

17 A very large portion of our subscription does not expire promptly in arrears. More than $10,000 is due us in various parts of the United States, and yet our receipts are insufficient to pay the current expenses of the office. Although the amount of each debt is small, it is no reason why it should be *deferred till the next year*, as is too frequently the case. We ask only the same punctuality on the part of subscribers that we practice ourselves, and a failure on their part to comply with this reasonable request, subjects us to much inconvenience. The price of periodicals in this city is too low, and will barely pay expenses, when paid for agreeably to the printed terms. We give double the quantity of reading now furnished, did, for the same compensation, while every other article has greatly increased in price.

TRAVELLING AGENCIES.

Mr. Edwin J. Whitfield has started on a collection tour through the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, with the Bills of this establishment. We hope our friends in that section will make such arrangements as to make our call suffice for the settlement of their Bills. These accounts are in a measure *debts of honour*, which ought in justice to have been remitted us before this time. Numerous small accounts at several hundred miles distance from the publication office, naturally occasion much trouble in the collection under the best circumstances, and we hope our friends will please give every facility in their power to the collector.

Mr. Wm. T. Coupland has commenced a collection tour through Maryland and Virginia, with bills from this office.

Mr. Thomas Lenox is engaged on a similar tour, through the State of New York.

Those who are indebted to us will confer an obligation by making payment, with as little delay as their convenience will possibly admit.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

Mr. Wise intends making an ascension on Monday next, in his new, large and elegant balloon Comet. This gentleman has several times before given beautiful specimens of his skill in aerial pedestrianism. Some extra degree of confidence assurance must be felt in the public, when Mr. Wise undertakes to ascend with the parachutes, constructed by direction of Mr. Wise, attached to each several passenger and the aeronaut. He thanks by the aid of these parachutes, a descent may be safely made, and intends sometime hereafter to make the attempt in person. The enterprise and perseverance of the gentleman deserves success, and will we confidently hope receive the encouragement of the public. Let all who can, contribute a little mite to aid of an original scientific exhibition.

LARGE APPLE.

Through the politeness of Mr. E. E. Bateman, we were last week presented with a large apple of the Pippin kind, the weight of which was it fell was 18½ oz. and measured in circumference 14½ inches. It grew in the orchard of Mr. Jeremiah Bateman, at Cedarville, N. J. Such specimens are not common, and as a sample of the fruit that part of Jersey.

THE ELECTIONS.

There seems to have been a revolution in public sentiment on some important political points, if the elections held in several of the States, are to be considered as a criterion. Maine, Rhode Island, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, have given majorities for the Whig ticket, and in the two last mentioned from, the State of Pennsylvania appears to be prepared to follow ere long in the same path. The election on this latter place on the Tuesday last. In the city of Philadelphia, the adjacent Liberties, the proceedings of days were conducted with a regularity and order, very creditable to the metropolis of a country law which has been in operation something more than a year, has been productive of the obligations it was designed to create. In making a register of all legally qualified voters, ings the matter to so narrow a ground, as to be away all cause of dissatisfaction. The large ber of persons who had been struck off the list of former days, with no other object than that to attained by creating a riot were not seen—no disturbance was apprehended, and no cause for terror to all love of country, were deprived of their customary resource. There appeared to difficulty in reaching the polls and vote for the and all unbiased. And it is our peculiar pleasure was a time, when it was dangerous for to approach the contested ground. Assaults all party consideration, which never ought to dulgence such questions, the law is a good and ought to be preserved.

1836 the highest Whig candidate on the assembly ticket, received 2125 votes more than the highest candidate on the Van Buren ticket. In 1836, the highest whig candidate on assembly ticket, had a majority of 2124 over any Van Buren candidate. Last year the highest whig candidate on the select council ticket, had a majority of votes; this year the same ticket has a majority ing a gain since last year of seven hundred nine votes. In the city of Philadelphia the Van Buren candidate for Governor, Ritner, was elected by a majority of 2047; over John Miles, the Van Buren candidate. Whigs in the city proper, have carried the ward, Spring Garden, and Kensington by a majority of 2200 votes, being a gain last year of about seven hundred.

The Van Buren candidate for the Senate in Philadelphia, Mr. Sandoe, was elected by a majority of 622 over the Whig candidate, Mr. Wood.

It is stated that there is some mistake in figures of a part of the returns of the late election of one or two candidates. It is believed, that Mr. Craun, a Whig candidate for Assembly, was elected over Mr. Ryan, the Van Buren ticket. In the town of Moyamensing, always heretofore in favor of democratic administration, with the exception of Senator, the Whig ticket had a majority.

Bucks county, the Whig candidates for Assembly by a majority of about 98.

Delaware county, the Whig candidate is elected by a majority of about 98.

Montgomery county, the Van Buren ticket is carried by a majority of 600.

Chester county, the whole Whig ticket is elected by a majority of about 1500.

Lehigh county, the Van Buren ticket has carried by a majority of fifty.

Before the returns had reached the Whig ticket in Jersey has a majority. There are sixteen members in that state, each of which sends one to the council, hence it will make a majority. There are 32 members of the house of which make a quorum.

Whigs have none in the council 10, the Van Buren party 5. In the Assembly the Whigs 36, and the opposite party 13. Morris has not yet been heard from.

NATIONAL ATLAS.

The subscribers to this periodical, who had paid their subscription, were last week, according to our promise, presented with an elegant engraving of Washington crossing the Delaware.

The plate representing the Lions, which owing to circumstances was detained in the hands of the printer, is now for the present suspended number, but this week been furnished. These pictures are great embellishments to the work, and we hope will be speedily completed, as the subscribers are generally interested, as an amusing, agreeable production.

Gentleman's Magazine.—The Gentleman's Magazine for October has just been published by Mr. Alexander. The original matter is good and the selections are made with a view to forming useful purpose. This work sustains a high reputation and ought to enjoy a corresponding patronage. We understand it appears to increase with each succeeding number.

Parlor Scrap Book for 1838.—Under this title the enterprising publishers, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have issued a work beautifully got up, and filled with a choice variety of engravings, accompanied with poetical illustrations. The Scrap Book displays the superior ability of both the engraver and publisher, and will, we trust, receive an efficient patronage.

The following are the engravings of the elegant annual for 1838.

The frontispiece represents the Sisters, a beautiful group of figures, from a painting by Duncan, engraved by Thomson. On the title page is a vignette, of the Quinta Munar, drawn by H. Warren, and engraved by H. Wright. Mexico is a fine place, drawn by Daniell, and engraved by Thomson.

The Mausoleum at Lucknow, drawn by Daniell, and engraved by Armytage. This is a correct view of a Mahommedan temple in Asia.

Jane Shore in the Jail, drawn by Chapman, engraved by Hatchett, painted by Harper, and engraved by Cochran.

The Oak of Tubber, a specimen of Indian Cow, drawn by T. Landseer, and engraved by H. Wright.

Caroline, drawn by Miss L. Sharpe, and engraved by Hatchett, a beautiful female head and figure.

A mosque in the Casbahtore

THIS DAY.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

TALL MEN.—Lord Bacon was asked by king James I. what he thought of Mr. Caderes, a very tall man who was sent on an embassy to the King of France. He answered, "Very tall men are like lofty houses, in which the upper most rooms are generally the worst furnished."

SHORT SIGHTEDNESS.—Mr. A. L. of Providence, R. I. was short sighted, that one day as he was walking along the street, he mistook a cow for a lady, and taking hold of its tail, which he roused quietly, he very courteously said — Madam, you will lose your shawl!"

They say it takes nine tailors to make a man,—apparently one is sufficient to ruin him—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

ANECDOTE.—We were much amused at the advice one John Haw gave another he heard a steamboat. "Eighteen," said he, "you had better look out for your boots to-night, or these ere fellows that board hereabouts will get 'em, and I'll be darned if you get them again without paying moneyagain; so you had better put them under your pillow, the way I do."

PRUDENT HOUSEWIFERY.—An English paper relates a curious circumstance which happened at Linton Wreck. A commander, broken his leg and in consequence was confined to his bed, during his confinement a duck which had been sitting on some eggs, died, but the good wife unwilling to let any hope of having a progeny of ducklings escape her, placed the eggs in the bed with her sick spouse, and the man has actually hatched three eggs and the brood is doing well.—*N. Y. Post.*

A CUTE TRICK.—Not long since a party went to the house of a notorious sharper in this, in Tennessee, in order to arrest him; and to prevent recovery, the company tied them to the bed a short distance off, and crept up to the house with the greatest precaution. The thief "smelt a mice" and slipt out the back door, took the bed home in the company, and has not since been heard of.

A Vermonter, last winter, called at the Tremont in Boston, to stay over night. A dandy thinking to impose upon the simplicity of the man, raked him smartly for his assistance. Jonathan viewing him from head to foot with an air of scorn, replied, at the same time tucking up the sleeve of his right arm, "Now you had better slip your head, for if Solomon had had as much as a better use of the jaw bone of an Ass than you have, he never would have killed so many Philistines!"

AN INVITATION COMPLIED WITH.—Mr. Littleton was at Bath, and seeing a door with "please to pull the bell," written over the top, he pulled it as hard as he could. When, lo, the servant opened the door, he asked if his master was at home. The man said he was, but that he was gone to bed. Mr. Littleton said—"Please to tell him a gentleman wishes to speak with him." The servant soon returned, and said his master was dressing, and that he would be ready directly. "Oh," said Mr. Littleton, "only tell him that *Mr.* Oliphant called just to ring the bell, as it was decent!"

RISING GENIUSES.—Scene in a school room.—Master.—"Parsicism is agrafee!" Scholar.—"Yeth sir." Master.—"Caisar, stip to the biggest river in America?"—The Tomtigbee, sir—like keeps a punch in on me."—He punch'd me first, and I punch'd him back again"—"Yeth sir, seats—four class in parsun"—"Yeth sir—Master, parse Arkansas"—saith like from top—A-r-k, ark, a-n-s, saw or plum, s-a, saw or flour, s-a.—Pronounce it Arkansaw—(to) Master, you aint spelling yer parsun, cluid—O—yeth'sir"—Hardandshaw is a noun—objective case—indefinite mode—comparative degree—first person pronoun case to scrape"—You lay it and what pronoun. None—Feminine gender—Wife—Carnil——Next.—Forgotten ar—Come, David, you know—Yeth sir—Well, who's Lazarus of the feminine gender, David.—Cor rigible—why correct is bound by Miss Sorry on the one, Lemon and the sour. Miss Sorry on the east, and ever so many more she females on the west."—Very well, David—you may go to the head—you're a rising genius and'll make a man before yer mother.—*Carmond Eagle.*

AN ANCIENT COIN.—We have been shewn an ancient copper coin, of which we have never before seen or heard of the like. It is the size of an English crown piece, and of about the same thickness. The inscription, on one side of it, is ARTAXERXES.—the letters standing in a circle, raised in strong relief. Within the circle is the face of the sun, surmounted by a crown. The letters are rude, and bear a close resemblance of the usual English or Roman formation, at about the year A. D. 1500. Between the letters, as they are A. D. 1500. Between the letters, as they are A and E of the inscription, stand the figures 18, thus—**18X** The reverse of the coin presents, though faintly discernable, the traces of a head. There are also very indistinct traces of a small crown on the head. This singular coin was plowed up some time since in the virgin soil of St. Albans, Vt. by Dr. John L. Chandler, of that place. To those who take an interest in ancient coins, this specimen is a rare curosity. Of what country is it? Of what date? How came it beneath the undisturbed surface of Vermont?

VEGETABLE BAROMETERS.—Clockweed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours. Should it continue in that state, no rain will ensue. Whenever it shuts, which it half conceals by the succeeding flower, the day is generally showery; but, if it entirely shuts up, or veils itself with the leaves of the flower, let the traveler put on his great coat.

The different species of trefoil always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm, so certainly does this take place, that these plants have acquired the name of the husbandman's barometer. The lupin and several of the compound yellow flowers close their leaves also. There is besides, a species of wood sorrel, which doubles its leaves before storms and tempests. The hedgehog or mountain elecampane, and sensitive plants, observe the same habit.

HUMOR OF AN ELECTION.—At the Dublin municipal last week, the following laughable scene occurred. Mr. Weal, the tory candidate, on the conclusion of his speech said, "There is no other charge to be against me, which is indeed a complete load." Hear, hear. Of course he made a charge of personal hostility against me, but I tell you, gentlemen, what I will do. Let Mr. O'Connell pull off his coat and fight me out on the first ground, and you will then be judges between us. He might be fairly put to the charges or not. "Loud cheers and laughter, and cries that the Chairman or "Come forward" O'Connell, and pull off your wig, till we have a peep at you, that you may be seen in your true colours." Mr. O'Connell in the most good humored manner pulled off his wig, and exhibited a magnificent head indeed, but no little fun that was on it was perfectly grey. The merriment was great and the scene which followed defies description. As soon as silence was restored, Mr. Weal again continued as follows:—I have not now done with the charge of personal ugliness which is the last charge, and we may now advert to other and graver topics. Head, head.

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—Listen, in his "Travels in Ireland, says:—In my morning rambles a man sitting on the ground, moaning most bitterly against the wall, attracted my attention by a flash of genius in his upper character, which I have rarely before observed, even in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the people—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by, having gone three paces, my heart would not, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?" "Sure, its begging I am, your honor spoke. You did not give a word." "No! I'm telling you to beg now, not to have begged." "Sure, I'm begging him, not you." Look there," looking up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat. "Do you see how the slash is speaking through the cloth to my shirt, and how both are in tatters together up to this? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my face, and I'm sure it won't begging I am with a hundred tongues."

THE TREASURY OF THE DEY OF ALGIERS.—The Treasury was opened with a view, for no small time, to have supported the weight of golden floor could have supported the weight of golden floor could have supported the weight of golden coin lying literally in millions. Besides the vast sum in a gratuitous heap, it was lined against the wall, the plaster of which had been set when they were stronger, but, when dry refused the impression made, and the silent walls tell that they have been pointed by coats of call. In that hall of Plutus were contained not only some that hall of Plutus were contained not only some the hundred thousands in gold and jewels which the Dey took with him, but between two and three millions which the French owned to receiving. Considered in cash, it is known, disappeared concomitantly after the French got possession of them, but Mr. St. John asserts that millions more were secreted, though not thought of by the Dey himself.—*Campbell's Lakes.*

Temperance tracts in the Olden times.

In the library of the British museum, London, there is a tract entitled thus:

"*A loathing glass for a drunkard; or, a drunkard detested*—In which description is plainly shewn, the filthy shameable use of drunkenness, proved by many places in scripture. How, through drunkenness, many have been punished; others threatened and admonished; very needful to be set up in every house, for the information of the judgment; with the remedies of the love of those men and women, who take pleasure in the sin of drunkenness, the commonest sin of these times. London: imprinted for J. D., and are to sold by George Wilkins, at Little Britain, near the Hospital gate—1620."

The tract is short and comprehensive; but it has the merit of the taste of many similar exhortations of more modern date. The following extracts contain the whole of it, with the exception of a few unpoetics.

"*The Definition of a drunkard.*—A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the destruction of reason. He is the keeper's agent; the alehouse benefactor; the beggar's companion; the continual's charge; the shame of kin; the weakness of men's sorrow; his neighbour's scoff; and the devil's laughing stock. His life is a picture of a sleep; a picture of a beast; a counter of a man.

"*The Grie ousness of Drunkenness, horrible to the Soul and Body.*—Drunkenness confoundeth the memory, dulls the understanding, distempers the wit, deformeth the countenance, turns the liver, inflames the blood; it engenders unnatural thirst, it disposeth to venery, it wasteth the body, it takes strength; it brings, woes, sorrows, wounds without cause; corrupteth the blood, diseaseth the spirits. It sendeth the excesse with outlets; turneth blood into water; turns reason to sense. It causeth vomiting and filthiness. It excessive drinking, consumptions, consumptions and cold diseases, and blindness. It causeth by drinking healths to others, leave none to himself. Drunkenness is a hateful sight, a sweet poyson, a delightsome sin, which, whoso hath so hunted, hath not himself; and he that useth it, is not himself in the commission of his sinfulness in the abstract; being a voluntary devil, the consciences enemy, nature's scorn, and the prodigious disgrace of mankind.

"*Drunkenness brought down in Scripture, shewing how drunkenness is a sin; others fall by it; others become murderers; others being drunk, were murdered; others, being drunk, destroyed in the midst of their sin, sporting, &c.*—The Amalekites lay scattered on the earth, so that they could not rise (1 Sam. xxx. 16.—Nabal's heart was merry, so that Absolom's servants slew him. II. Sam. xxvii. 29.—Benhadad, and the 32 monarchs slain were by Jerui overcome. I. kings xx. 16, &c. Holofernes's countenance fell down, and the Medes took his kingdom. Dan v. 31.—David made means to move Uriah to commit sin, and plotted his murder. I Sam. xi. 12.—Ammon, by his servant complaining against him, murdered. II. Sam. xiii. 28, 29.—Goliah, with his own sword, slain against Abimelech. Judg. ix. 26, 27.—Herod, due to his drunken banquet, commanded John to be beaded. Matt. xiv. 10. The Israelites drank till they were thirsty. Here was prepared for them. Isa. v. 12, 13.—Nabal's heart was merry and suddenly died within him. I. Sam. xxv. 36, 37.—The Philistines were all with Nature's industry! What avails if that, we with sound sleep, overcome, and drunkenness, and lie down in sweet slow sown the seed, which the approaching end of my existence will not allow me to enjoy? I must therefore, while it is yet time, avoid, endeavored to force this colony to salutary labor. Hunger, I said to myself, is the best of all masters on the common, and are now feeding on the first crop raised exceedingly well, producing the first crop raised exceedingly well, producing the finest, richest and most delicious fruit.

After musing, were put out soon after the trees of one had only each cut off half an inch above the ground, even with the surface, in drills one foot apart, and in which I placed the seeds, covering them with the earth around them. In the spring, numerous fairly sprouts will shoot up from each stump, and in a few years while if I had remained unscathed by the winter. The old trees will be cut down, and the young shoots are preserved for cutting, by burying them in sand in the cellar.

When it is intended to multiply the trees and to the same time get the greatest amount of fodder, the cuttings are put out in nursery rows, in the same practiced this season. The first week in May, in the morning, with a fifty cent hoe, and a big turning, drew light furrows, two and a half feet apart, and in which I placed the cuttings of the trees, one at the end of another, lengthwise of the furrows, while a man followed with a spade and stirred up the earth on each side of the row, dropping the earth on the roots, and by stamping it down with his feet. In this way I set out one hundred and twenty thousand cuttings, and the whole operation did not occupy more than three days. The cuttings were three or four at the top of the ground, and were from six to eight inches long. The trees were of good size when put out. They were from one to two inches in diameter. The trees the first season. Many gentlemen acquainted with them, were astonished when I told them that I had cut down the trees the year before. They said that they had never seen in the Northern States, and every one who saw them, pronounced them the finest specimens of the Morus multicaulis they had ever seen. The cuttings are three and a half feet high. The trees were of good size when put out. I have a drawing for them for binding, to cut down the